

## MRS. NAGG AND MR. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

She Played Whist and Was Only Given Thirteen! Ain't Men the Cheats?

SUSAN TERWILLIGER got her old sealskin sacque made over, Mr. Nagg, and Mr. Dubb has promised her to stop drinking after the New Year, and every time Brother Willie comes to ask me to give him some spending money he always asks me if I want him to order in a box of beer, or am I sure you have any more cigars, because he has taken the last and he doesn't want you to be without a fresh box.

Everybody has something for Christmas, or at least has a kind word for their fellow-beings or a good wish, but the first thing you always say when you come in this house is to ask me how I feel!

As if you cared, Mr. Nagg; as if you cared! You do not care, and you know it! Oh, don't say you do! Nobody cares for me. I am only in the way. I notice it; I feel it! That is why I am oftentimes sad—and yet I never show it; I never complain.

If I really thought you were interested in my health I would tell you that I am all run down; that my nerves are in a wretched state, and that I get so tired just shopping around in half-a-dozen stores that even if I do go to a matinee I get no pleasure out of it!

If you felt like I did you would be in bed groaning and moaning. But there is no rest for me until I drop. I've got to go over to Mrs. Stryver's this evening, and I despise that woman and always did, and she keeps her house so hot and stuffy that I get a headache every time I go in it.

Why do I go, then, you ask? Do you think I would stay away and let Mrs. Stryver and Mrs. Cheesecake and Mrs. Inklett, who will all be there, talk about me till my ears would burn like a house afire, if there is anything in signs?

No, Mr. Nagg, I won't neglect my friends. My friends are fond of me, and if they don't come to see me once in a while I could sit here in this house like a heathen missionary on a desert island inhabited by cannibals! Women may have their faults, but they are kind and sympathetic to each other. They are not fair to your face and then talk about you behind your back like men do about each other.

Oh, don't talk to me about men, Mr. Nagg! I will always try to make your home pleasant for you and for any one who comes here to see you, but don't ask me to be civil to your friends after what happened in this house last night!

If I had only kept the resolution I had made never to play cards with you or your friends again it would have been better for me. But I only think of your comfort and happiness. And that is why I wouldn't let you play poker last night.

When men play poker they have no regard for a woman's feelings. They make her show her cards, and if she has made a mistake about what she has in her hand they take down all the chips.

They are dishonest—that's what they are! Dishonest! Then Col. Wilkins, who is a typical gambler, because he is afraid of risking his money and will only play 10-cent limit—and then Col. Wilkins insisted I should play whist, and he insisted I should play him.

I never played whist but once before, and so he took advantage of the fact and cheated me! Yes, cheated me! How could I win when he sat there grinning, as if it were my mistake every time?

After he had done it occurred to me that he was cheating. Oh, Mr. Nagg, don't try to defend him. All of you dealt me thirteen cards every time, and thirteen is an unlucky number, and if that isn't cheating, what is?

## The Chant of the Merger.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

Brazenly Plagiarized from W. S. Gilbert.

(A plan is said to have been formed to bring the three big insurance companies under Rockefeller-Morgan-Ryan control.—News Item.)

THE MERGER spoke to me  
And with keen delight he began to re-  
cite  
This solo of the key:

"Oh, I am McCurdy and Peabody,  
And Ryan and Morgan, too,  
And the Equitable from floor to gable,  
And the N.Y. and Mutual crew,  
I'm also Perkins and rare John D.,  
And Mister McCall and Hyde,  
And the Yellow Dog and the rebate  
hog,  
With Standard Oil on the side.

"Twice in old far-back Nineteen-Five  
When our luck we seemed to lose;  
For folks got sore and they raised a  
roar,  
And they wicked on Charlie Hughes.

The craft was almost down and out;  
They were whipping us into line.  
When we gave them the laugh and we  
gave them the guff  
By forming the Grand Combine!

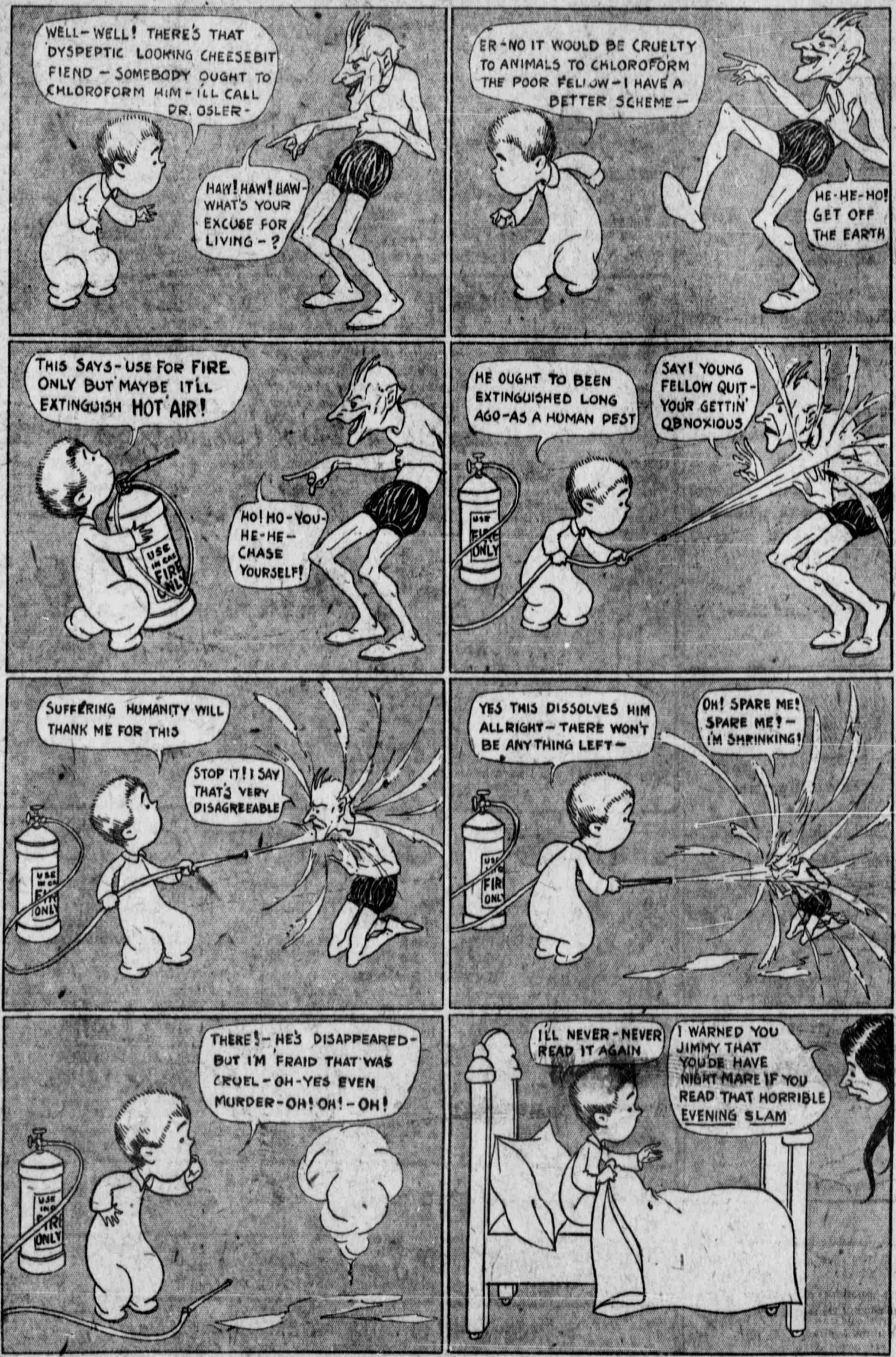
"We've Morganized everything hard  
and fast,  
And we've greased it with Standard  
Oil.  
We can deal out cold shoulders to pol-  
icy-holders  
Who carp at our honest toll.  
So now I'm the 'Big Three' insurance  
Dunce!

And the capper who plugs their  
game,  
And the policy-writer and publicity-  
fighter,  
And the Earth and the Hall of  
Fame!"

## JIMMY JOHNNYPANTS.

He Read the Evening Slam and It Caused This Horrible Nightmare.

By L. A. Scarl.



## THE NEW PLAY

Bernhardt—Mon Dieu!—Wears Black In "Sappho."

BERNHARDT looked both her youngest and her oldest in "Sappho" last night. Her costumes through three acts were as gay as Fanny Le Grand's career itself, and by their color almost brought the blush of youth to her face. Then what did she do but walk on in the fourth act wearing a black dress that made her look old enough to tell her son to be a good boy. Sarah's grief is a cruel, blighting, relentless thing when she dresses it in black. Her farewell tour began to seem very real.

Otherwise Bernhardt had a very pleasant evening, with scarcely any wear and tear on her art, and a cigarette to cheer her from time to time. It was what might be called a "popular night." Translations of the play grow on almost every other lap and followed the performance page by page, without caring who knew it. The Galle element was decidedly in the minority, but the house, nevertheless was filled. Those who came with a stake in their eyes were doomed to disappointment. They saw "Sappho" with two eyes, but nothing Netherless. It was just a nice little domestic comedy, with

Sarah starting light housekeeping one moment and breaking it up the next. There wasn't any sugar in the bowl, but what cared she so long as she and Jean and credit at the grocery? And it was very jolly, when Jean got peeved at the discovery of their adopted child's real parentage (Fanny was so forgetful) to see Sarah drag in a mail-room-size trunk and tell him to pack his clothes and go. How she did clean out that wardrobe! Judging from the things she threw on the floor, Jean was very long on neckties and short on everything else. When he finished packing, his trunk was filled with neckties and emotion.

Another pleasing incident was the New York debut of Sarah's "monkey dog." It was carried on quite appropriately in a restaurant scene, wearing a big red bow and a pumpled look. While it looked the "divine one's" size and her genius for getting her teeth into a scene, it scored the hit of the act by making faces at the audience. M. Decour was better as Jean than he has been in any other role, being less explosive than usual, and displaying a naturalness and grace that he has hitherto lacked. M. Chamerois was hilariously amusing as the naughty Uncle Cesare. The one really tragic thing in the programme was Sarah's black dress. CHARLES DARTON.

## The Fortune Teller.

By T. O. McGill.

ZINDALLA was feeding little cakes to the blue tea-snake when I called last night. The fly on the hearth cracked with a welcome sound. The blind mule bird was all of a flutter to find his evening meal of an apple which he had lost.

I laid the written words of my Quest, and a coin in the drawer of the dream cabinet that stands on the table where the future is pictured. Zindalla rubbed her hands together and spread them caressingly over the mirror inlaid in the table top.

The moisture from her palms soon dulled its shining surface, and as she turned the big red lamp low the mist on the mirror took on many colors, and I could see fantastic shapes amid the rainbow hues of the sparkling mist.

## The Bully of the Sea.

## Value of Frivility.

THE twenty-third annual report of the Scottish Fishery Board gives the lobster an entirely bad character.

It is an essentially surly, suspicious and uncooperative fish, and regards anything that comes near it as its foe. The main motive of its activity is defense, and in defending itself it manifests a blind and unrelenting vengeance.

It procures a hole in which to wait for its prey, and to which to retire after a fight, and it is then unsafe for any animal to approach it, says the Washington Star.

Its keenness of attack and relentless hold when once it has gripped its antagonist are due to its want of sight. The eye of the lobster is so sensitive that strong light blinds it.

Although it possesses keen sight when first hatched, the lobster is practically blind later in life. It sees nothing properly, but simply has the sensation of light and shadow.

It tests a shadow with its antennae and sometimes, when a strong shadow is cast on it, the lobster will leap at it on the offchance that it is a foe.

The fighting tendency makes it difficult to keep lobsters in confinement. When once they have settled down, however, they will live at peace with one another, but it is only an armed neutrality, and if one of the fish ever loses its fighting power it is at once attacked by the others.

WHICH is worse—to be too serious or too frivolous? I have no doubt about that matter myself so far as individuals are concerned, though all extremists are born, says a writer in the London World. The perpetually lively, feather-brained, pleasure-craved creature is almost, if not quite, as irritating as the deadly serious individual. Both types are heavily represented just now in hotels, but, acrosses of the accusations recently lodged against us that as a nation we are becoming too frivolous, one cannot help saying that we are a great deal livelier than we were a few years ago, and for this relief assuredly we have cause to be thankful.

In consequence we are accused of having become too frivolous. It seems to me that we have just got matters nicely balanced. This is an age when we are prepared to be cranks on the slightest provocation. People crave for missions, they wallow in philanthropy, they pounce with avidity on new religions, they will plunge into politics or write attacks on women, society, the degeneracy of the age, or anything else that gives them an opportunity of saying what they call their views. So surely, if despisers in loco were not occasionally permitted to us, it is fearful to think what we should become. Our frivolity is the antidote to the twentieth-century disposition toward crankiness. It really keeps us sane.

## HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

## THE RIGHT TO NAG.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

OVER in Hoboken a learned Justice has been called upon to decide whether or not a wife has the right to follow her husband to his office and harangue him there if she doesn't get through what she has to say, at the breakfast table.

Now, the widely right to nag has never been affirmed by statute or judicial decree. It is, however, one of those privileges tacitly understood, that go with a wife, no liberty and the pursuit of unhappiness. But it is a fortunate thing that the test case in Hoboken has come about, and I sincerely hope it may be settled speedily. They settle so many things in Hoboken—everything, of course, that they don't accept as having a settled for them before they were born.

I must confess that I hope the Jersey husband will win the suit he is bringing in restraint of nagging. For, while I believe that it is the glorious privilege of every woman with no more sense to talk herself as blue in the face as her listening spouse must be in spirit, she ought to do it in home hours.

She can nag him at dinner, all night and at breakfast, but when it comes to following him downtown we must draw the line. For while he invades the domain of the haughty young woman who accepts his dictation—only in business letters, he is understood.

We all nag occasionally, of course. We can't help it. Even the most amiable of us. Those of us who are unmarried take it out on our fathers and brothers and the condoning creatures who want to marry us and get a taste of their fate when we don't like the play they have taken us to, or the flops we condescend to accept from them.

There is a place for nagging, be it ever so humble, as the poet sings. The Jersey lady who extended the pleasing occupation to her husband's office says he kicked her. I don't care if he did. She deserved it. And so does every woman who flaunts the sacred privileges of wifehood in the market place. It was the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office as a matter of fact, but never mind.

Women don't nag because they want to, but because they have to. If men are what they are with all the nagging they get, what would they be if we let them alone?

But that prospect is too awful to contemplate, even in jest.

## Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Small Johnny was discovered hiding in a neighbor's back yard. "Your mother is looking for you, Johnny," said the neighbor. "I know it," rejoined the little fellow. "That's why she can't find me."

Teacher—What are people who live in Hungary called, Tommy?  
Tommy—Hungarians.  
Teacher—That's right. Now, Johnny, what are people who live in Austria called?  
Johnny—Austrians.

At last the front came and little Ellen's persistent search for chestnuts was rewarded. Rushing into the house one morning with a handful of chestnuts, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, they're hateful! Ain't you glad I'm so glad?"—Chicago News.

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office Box 1384, New York.

## A Surprise Wedding.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young lady engaged to be married. I wanted to have my marriage as a surprise to my friends; so I thought that by writing invitations for a supposed birthday party, and the evening of the wedding for my intended husband and me to go to the minister's house and be married. Then

we do!

to return to the house accompanied by the minister and his wife, and just before leaving on my wedding tour let

the minister get up and tell my friends that we were married. Don't you think that would be a good idea, or could you suggest something better? E. F.  
Your own idea is a very good one.

## An Unreliable Youth.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young girl eighteen years of age and keep company with a young man of about the same age. Lately I have found out that he has not

been telling me the truth. I also correspond with him and most every time I write he has a different address, as he cannot have his letters go to his home, as his father does not approve of it. He also has made many promises which he has not fulfilled. A. B.

You seem to be involved with a very unreliable young man. I do not think any good can come to you from him

if he is, indeed, as untruthful as you say. Better drop him.

## Is It Safe to Marry?

Dear Betty:  
I HAVE been going with a young man nearly three years. My mother and brothers tried to come between us, but he was so good and good-natured I didn't like to turn him down. He wants me to marry him and I keep putting him off all the time. I promised to marry him in January, but am afraid to. I like him enough to, only I don't want to do anything against mamma's wishes, and that will certainly against her will. Now, I want to know if you think it is safe for me to marry him. C. W. T.

Think things over with your mother and tell her you are determined to marry him and that you would rather

it would be with her consent. Ask her to consider your happiness a little and try to see the young man as you do. It is quite safe to marry him—at least, as safe as it ever is.

## He Wants to Call.

Dear Betty:  
I AM a young girl eighteen years old and have met a young man whom I love dearly. The other evening he gave me to understand that he would like to visit me. Do you think

COME ON OVER.

this man really loves me, and would I be proper for me to ask him to my house? E. L. A.

It would be proper to ask him to your house, whether he loves you or not. All your callers don't have to love you, you know.

## HINTS FOR THE HOME.

## Chocolate Pie.

BAKE a crust in a deep plate. One cup sugar, 2 large mixing spoons (round) of flour, a little salt. Stir so there will be no lumps, then add 1 pint of boiling water, 2 teaspoons melted chocolate or cocoa, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 teaspoon vanilla. Cook until thick, then turn into crust and cool. Put whipped cream on top.

## Jellied Capon.

TAKE a capon, truss it neatly and place it in a large stewpot, cover with cold water, add two calves' feet properly cleaned, next put in one large carrot, a good-sized onion, one leek, one bunch of parsley, pepper and salt, one clove, boil all together until the capon is done. Allow the vegetables and clove to remain in the stewpot and boil them an hour and a half longer. Put the capon in a deep platter; it must be kept in this when served. Allow it to become cold. Take out the calves' feet and strain the water left in the stewpot, skim carefully, after which pour in a wine-glass of sherry, then pour it over the capon, which should be completely covered and surrounded with the mixture, which will harden into jelly. Put in

a cold place and after it has cooled, place in the refrigerator. If any jelly is left, put it on an extra plate, cut it into slices when cold and decorate the top of the capon with it. The calves' feet can be used for breakfast or luncheon by adding a little bouillon. Season with butter, pepper and salt, and the juice of half a lemon. Serve hot.

## Chocolate Pudding.

ONE-HALF cup of sugar, one egg, two teaspoons of butter, one cup flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one-half cup milk, little salt, one and a half squares chocolate; steam two hours. Eat with cream sauce.

## Suet Pudding.

ONE cup of suet chopped fine, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup raisins, 1-2 cup currants, 1 cup of hot water or coffee, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, meat, 1-2 teaspoon clove, salt and four table spoons stiff, steam three hours. Make a plain sauce for it.

## Cracker Jack.

MELT two cups of sugar in a granite pan, stirring all the time so it won't burn; when melted into a dark syrup add 2 tablespoons each of molasses and butter, let it come to boiling point, then pour over a large pan of freshly popped corn.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

## UNQUESTION-

ABLY the Eton makes one of the favorite coats of the winter, and here is one which includes a vest and which is so designed as to mean genuine warmth and comfort as well as jaunty style. The model is made of broadcloth with trimming of velvet and handsome buttons and is stitched with silk, but it is adapted to all the season's suitings, while again combinations can be used if preferred. The vest of one material and the coat of another always are effective, while the revers are here faced for their entire length instead of being made with the trimming portions as is better liked. The sleeves are absolutely novel and exceedingly smart, the flare cuffs rendering them exceptionally becoming.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 21, 2 yards 44 or 15-4 yards 33 inches wide.

Pattern 5223 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

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Eton with Vest—Pattern No. 5223.